

HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the ruddy wine cup,
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hopes of what might have been.
For the brand of a beast besotted,
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell:
But I never thought once when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother;
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
No bar in their pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down?
—Selected.

Going to Leave the Farm.

The work of the farmhouse was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the oldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harwood, his wife, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a center table. The farmer was reading a paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was silence in the kitchen, save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big eight-day clock in the corner and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harwood sighed deeply, both her sister and her husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you have a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered the wife. "And it is a load you must share, Eli. I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he replied at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming." Mrs. Harwood shook her head sadly. "I wish I were," she said. "No, Eli, it is true, George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about work and the dullness of his life. And today I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had enough of farm life; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer, angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if I let him go! He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I've got to tie him down."

"Why don't you want to make him stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on

him all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, Eli, a plan I have been thinking of all day."

"The best plan I know of is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush, and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now, and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have heard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark, and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He says Tom Blythe who is in a grocery store in the city, gets \$12 a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm give him an interest in it, Eli. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be sure, but all he actually owns is the collie dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle, and George was extremely fond of Vixen."

"It seems a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for work. I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get that would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do a big share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you now that every year makes his services more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway, and it's only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave, weather-beaten face. His gentle sister-in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his head.

"I believe you are more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over tonight, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli; remember that," and Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove went upstairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound sleep by the sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on Roan.

"Where can he be going at this hour?" When she came down stairs at 6 o'clock George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's

cheery, "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George who had gone to one of the windows and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas, "I heard you ride away at daybreak."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to a Lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently, "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference and staring at his father as if he thought he had not heard aright.

"Yes, deeded it, every inch of it, to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice weakened a little. "I'm going to give it to my son, George Harwood, to have and to hold as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish I were able to do more for you. But I am not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and three little ones to provide for, too. Still, I want you to have a start, and this fifty acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days a week, to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work, and if you choose



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to break that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This—this seems too much, sir," stammered George, "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you, my boy."

"Vixen!" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms about her neck. "O father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!" And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness. In fact, Eli Harwood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for good advice and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortune. —The Standard.

On account of National Meeting of Kentucky Horse Breeders' Association at Lexington, Ky., will sell round trip tickets to Lexington on Oct. 7 and 8 for \$24.40, good until Oct. 21, 1895.

On account of the Grand Army of the Republic at Louisville, Ky., will sell round trip tickets to Louisville on Sept. 8, 9, 10 and 11 for only \$17.80, good until Oct. 5, 1895.

On account of dedication of the

Chicamauga and Chattanooga National Park, will sell round trip tickets to Chattanooga on Sept. 16 to 19 inclusive for only \$11.40, good until Oct. 13, 1895.

LAND OF HOME SEEKERS' ENCOURAGEMENTS TO FLORIDA.

On September 4th and October 2nd tickets will be sold by the Plant System to all points in Florida, limited 20 days, from the principal Ohio and Mississippi gateways and from points beyond, at one fare for the round trip.

ONE WAY SETTLERS' RATES.

On September 4th and October 2nd, and on the first Tuesday of each month thereafter, until further advised, one way tickets will be sold via the Plant System from principal Ohio and Mississippi River gateways and from points beyond to principal points in Florida at a rate of one and one-half cent per mile, counting short line mileage.

ATLANTA, GA.

Account Cotton States and International Exposition the Plant System will sell tickets September 5th and 12th, and every day from September 15th to December 15th, limited to January 7th, at \$18.55 from Ocala. Also September 16th until December 16th, limited twenty days, at \$13.60. Tickets sold every Tuesday and Thursday after September 16th to December 24th at \$9.90, limited ten days.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

September 15th to 16th, the Plant System will sell tickets to Knoxville and return account battlefield encampment of the Sons of Veterans, limited to return October 10th at \$13.10 from Ocala.

For further information apply to C. F. Faires, city ticket agent, Ocala House, F. C. Alworth, depot ticket agent, Ocala.

For tickets to all points, summer rates and the quickest time, call on or address F. J. Huber, ticket agt., Florida Southern depot; C. F. Faires city ticket agent, Ocala House; H. G. Haycraft, traveling passenger agent, Ocala; F. M. Jolly, division passenger agent, Tampa; B. W. Wrenn, general passenger agent, Savannah, Ga.; H. C. McFadden, assistant general passenger agent, Savannah, Ga.